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THE MAN OF STYLE

How Genteel Society Expects Him to Behave.

DO NOT SMOKE ON THE STREET

Ward McAllister Deplores the Existence of Two Bad Habits—He Objects to the Ogling Man of Fashion.

It takes a Chesterfield to know how to behave on the street, and since there are very few Chesterfields nowadays, it goes almost without saying that there are only a few of us who really know how to conduct ourselves on the great thoroughfares, thronged daily by the most fashionable.

Talking with Ward McAllister on the subject the other day, that gentleman had much to say in a spirit of regret and in language that was intended to denote very manifest indignation. He deplored the existence of two bad habits in the American youth. The first of these was his persistence in staring at



WARD McALLISTER ON THE AVENUE.

the fashionable world from his club window. "Nothing that I can think of," he remarked, "is in poorer taste, and nothing tends so much to make the scene of great American houses the best of ridicule in the daily and the weekly illustrated press. Most men about town are above this. Those who are not, and they are numerous, deserve all the opprobrium heaped on them by the newspapers."

The second bad habit of even the better class of society men is that of staring at ladies from in front of a fashionable hotel. "The real man of fashion," said Mr. McAllister, and in this case his remark ought to go down the ages as a pithy aphorism, "looks ahead of him when he walks." On these two points it is, perhaps, worth while to talk a little more in detail, for the society man is in need of the lesson.

"I have watched the son of one of the oldest men of New York, who lives not a stone's throw from the corner of Thirty-fifth street and Fifth avenue," said a lady to me, "stand at a certain corner daily waiting for a pretty stenographer who does some work in the neighborhood to pass by. He follows her with his eyes as she comes toward him, and then trails along after the young lady, at times walking briskly ahead of her, and then again dropping back."

"He has even dared to talk with her, but the rebuff he met with cured him for a time. I missed him for a week, but a day or two since saw him at his old habit again."

"We dread to pass hotels or club houses," said the same young lady, "for we are invariably the cynosure of as many eyes as can comfortably focus themselves from available club windows. And at the Fifth Avenue hotel we are as a rule forced to pass an army of ogling men. On a rainy day this is particularly disagreeable."

It is perhaps well to let this young lady air her grievance in this Man of Fashion letter, for her own words are certain to strike home.

So before going on and giving you a few pointers on how to behave on the streets, let me summarize what I have said on "how not to behave."

Don't stand at your club windows and stare.

Don't stand in front of your hotel and oggle.

Don't try to catch a glimpse of a lady's ankle.

When you pass a lady don't stare at her as she is coming toward you, and

above all things never look back to get a last glimpse of her form.

When you meet a lady of your acquaintance, unless she is very intimate, only take off your hat and bow. It is not as easy to stop in the street to chat with a lady. If you are very well acquainted and the lady shows a desire to discuss some matter with you, walk her way.

If the lady happens to be shopping do not accompany her into any place of business. Even if the subject you are discussing is of great importance and your conversation unfinished, cut it short on some pretense or other and save the lady or ladies to do their shopping by herself or themselves. Make it

a point to leave a lady the moment she has reached her immediate destination.

The man of fashion need hardly be told that the lady must always have a recognition if she is walking or driving along, and no gentleman will presume to renew an acquaintance of a single evening unless the lady shows a decided inclination that way. Nor is it for you to fathom the young lady's mind by a determined stare. You destroy all hopes you may have of future pleasant chats by too forward a conduct when you meet the young lady in question out for her drive, or ride or walk.

The subject of salutation deserves more than a passing notice. You may think you know all about it, but you don't. If alone and you meet a lady who has recognized you, carry the hat quickly as low as the hip with the hand farthest removed from her, then replace it slowly. Accompany the action with a slight forward inclination of the body and a smile of recognition. This is the proper way, but if it seems too cavalier for you, a less sweeping doff of the hat is permissible. If alone, and you meet a male acquaintance, merely nod. In Germany and France it is the style to raise the hat, but not in America. When you are escorting a lady and you bow with her to a third person, cut your own salute short. Your companion will wish, in her feminine vanity, to monopolize the third person's gaze, and she will feel piqued if you share too much of it.

Despite the growing distillation of business men to remove the hat when riding in the elevator with ladies, the man of fashion will never fail to show that slight courtesy, as he will never forget to bare his head in the private corridors of a hotel or a theater.

Of all the errors into which the votaries of fashion lapse none shows the lack of true gentility to such an extent as the "cut." I mean the reception of a salute with a stony stare. A man is never hurt by acknowledging acquaintance with any but men of low and debased character.

James G. Blaine when once asked what he believed the secret of his popularity with the masses was said: "I once read that George Washington would not let the humblest negro outdo him in politeness, and that is why he took pains to return every salute made him. That is the style I believe in."

Do not be cad enough to "cut" a lady. If you do not like her, return her bow with the slightest possible show of indifference.

Never carry a walking stick in the evening. If you carry it in the daytime hold it by the handle, and not in the middle. I defer in a great many things to Mr. McAllister, but on this point he, too, needs a bit of advice. I saw him walking down Fifth avenue the other day, every inch the man of fashion with the exception of the manner in which he carried his cane. That he held in the middle, and it seemed as though he wanted to guard himself

from the too near approach of anybody in front or rear. So do not attempt any drum-major contortions, as they will only make you appear ridiculous.

Some one has recently written that canes are no longer in style. That is not so. Watch the ten best dressers you can think of in New York as they walk along Broadway or Fifth avenue and you will find that the cane is a part of their make-up.

In walking keep to the right of the walk and never pass in front of a lady coming at right angles at a street corner, unless about six feet intervene. Walk sharply; do not lounge.

Except for a lady do not carry a parcel on the street. If necessity compels you to carry something put it into one of the latest style fashionable hand satchels.

If walking with a lady and her step is too short for you use what Tom Howard calls the "Newport drag step" and avoid that awful see-saw appearance. Never lock arms in the daytime with a lady unless she is elderly or an invalid.

I was talking with Chauncey Depew the other day and he detailed a few of his peculiarities when out for a walk and while meeting the thousands who know him in New York.

"In the first place, I consider smoking in the street objectionable, for there are more suitable places for it and it invariably makes a man look a trifle tough. There are smoking rooms in the hotels, in the homes and in the clubs where the man of fashion can enjoy that little pleasure all to himself or in the company of a few congenial souls."

"I believe furthermore that the most fashionably dressed man is he whose dress attracts absolutely no attention. That is my opinion should be the aim of the man of fashion. He should dress, he should walk, in short, he should act without that annoying self-consciousness that makes some men think only and all the time of the impression they are making. He is most in style upon whose dress and manners the least number of eyes are focused."

ALBERT EDWARD TREBIL.

New Lesson.

Mrs. De Ciro—My dear, I read the other day that a mare had been in an umbering is likely to make a fortune for its inventor.

Mr. De Ciro—Well, I'm bent on savings—Jewellers Weekly.

THE SHOW AS IT SHOULD BE.

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WHAT OUR SET DID

Happenings In and Out of Society During the Week.

MRS. LUCE'S DELIGHTFUL IDEA

Of Combining Pedro and Usefulness. Theatre Parties—General Gossip Concerning People You and I Know.

Theater parties, so common in the east and in large cities, are becoming very popular here. Wednesday afternoon at the "Blue Jeans" matinee at Powers' there were two theater parties given by the little people. Miss Catherine Pantlind and a company of friends occupied one box, the other being taken by Misses Edwina Uhl and Gertrude Husey and their guests. Friday evening, at the "Prince and the Pauper" entertainment, the handsome gowns worn in a Grand Rapids theater were seen. Tomorrow night's play will also be notable in this respect, and several parties have already secured their seats, among them being Mr. W. O. Hugbart, Jr., with a party of thirty-nine guests. Society will fill the house during the Willard engagement.

THAT WONDERFUL LAST NAIL.

Mrs. Potter Palmer With Hammer and Spike of Costly Make.

Mrs. Potter Palmer, president of the board of lady managers of the exposition, as already announced, will drive the last nail used in completion of the Woman's building. This nail will be furnished by the women of Montana, and will be a very wonderful one, as is indicated by this description of it, given by the Helena, Montana, Independent:

"The nail has been so made as to form the back or cross bar of a brooch, which is to be a shield bearing the coat of arms of Montana. Reproduced in native gold without a trace of alloy in its composition. The shield will be of gold, and the symbolical figures will be made of the same metal but of different colors. The waterlily in the foreground will be of light colored gold sunk into the shield, and the plow and pick, standing at the foot of the falls, will be of a richer shade, as will be the background of an ordinary twenty-penny nail and will be composed of three strips of silver in the center and the gold and copper on either side. The nail and brooch are distinct articles and after the former has been driven it will be drawn from the wood, fastened to the brooch and the whole presented to Mrs. Palmer."

The women of Nebraska have undertaken to furnish the hammer with which this "last nail" will be driven. A description of the hammer has not yet been given, but it is the intention to make it worthy of the aristocratic nail with which it will be brought in contact by Mrs. Palmer. It has been suggested that it be made of native Nebraska woods, inlaid with gold, silver and pearls.

Pleasure and Philanthropy.

Mrs. Ransom Luce gave a 1 o'clock luncheon followed by Pedro from 2:30 to 5 o'clock Tuesday and Wednesday at her residence, corner of East Fulton street and Jefferson avenue. Even tables were filled Tuesday and fourteen tables were set Wednesday, six-hand Pedro being played. The decorations were in yellow and blue and were much admired, yellow roses being used on the tables. In each finger bowl floated a pretty golden rose. Mrs. Luce inaugurated a decided innovation in this city by presenting to each of the children a market basket prettily decorated with yellow and blue tissue paper and filled with all sorts of useful articles, each basket to be presented to a charitable institution designated by card in the name of the lady who drew it. The ladies were delighted with the new plan but insisted that Mrs. Luce's name should also be placed on every card with the donors. Twelve prizes, each a handsome basket generously filled and daintily covered were taken by the following ladies: Mesdames Dr. Watson, S. E. Watson, Wm. H. Jones, Sidney F. Stevens, J. E. Brookings, Wm. F. Butts, E. M. Kendall, Leslie Freeman, Z. C. Thwing, Morley, Wm. S. Hovey, and Miss Carrie Pike. The U. B. A. home and hospital, Woman's home and hospital, Children's home, Henry memorial fund, Humane society, Emerson home, St. Mark's hospital and the Free Kindergarten will be made happier by the gifts, some of the institutions being twice remembered. Some of the prizes were silver dollars wrapped in many folds of blue tissue paper.

Gave Two Pedro Parties.

Wednesday evening Mr. and Mrs. H. Gay entertained a company of friends at progressive Pedro at their handsome home, No. 404 East Fulton street, prizes were awarded to Mrs. Edward Aldrich and Mrs. Sam Norman, Mr. E. A. Mosley and Mr. J. A. Gonzalez. Dainty refreshments were served at 11 o'clock, the dining room being prettily decorated with primroses. Tulips were used in the hall. The guests present were Mayor and Mrs. Edwin F. Uhl, Messrs. and Mesdames Casus Sweet, Joseph McKee, Charles Hood, Charles W. Baxter, J. A. Gonzalez, Edward Aldrich, Dr. Temple, F. W. Dunn, Sam Norman, George F. Dunn, Z. C. Thwing, A. C. Seckell, Arthur Graham, E. A. Mosley, Daniel McCoy, James H. Campbell, Fred Clark, Charles Ayer, Alfred Baxter, J. L. Smith, L. E. Patton, Claud Lockwood, Fred Wilson, Mrs. Montgomery. Last evening Mr. and Mrs. Gay again entertained friends, the following being present and participating in progressive Pedro: Messrs. and Mesdames Wm. A. Tatum, Walter Smith, John More, Fred Champlin, Edgar Hunting, Frank D. Forbush,

George Stanton, Wm. H. Fowler, A. B. Porter, T. Stewart White, Geo. C. Pease, Sidney F. Stevens, C. B. Add, Mrs. Dell Parker, Mesdames Emma Foster, Elsie McGowan, Miss Stone of Houghton, Miss Wilson, of St. Louis, Mo., Miss Stewart of Syracuse, N. Y., and Messrs. C. V. C. Gannon, John Covode, Robert Barnard and Charles Faine.

At the Ladies' Literary.

Yesterday's program at the Ladies' Literary club was under the direction of the committee on history. The first article was a continuation of the "Study of American History," and contained interesting facts connected with the French settlements, and something of the life of Louis XIV. of France. "The Mission to the Huron Indians by the Jesuit Priests who accompanied Manuel Champlain," was told in a tragic manner. After a musical composition calling for eight hands, several announcements were made, and the constitution was amended to make the annual dues three dollars. The program closed with a discussion, "Why the French Failed as Colonists." The guests of the afternoon were Mrs. Kendall, Montgomery, Ala.; Miss Helen Pemberton, Oil City, Penn.; Mrs. F. C. Adams, Detroit; Mrs. J. C. Quintus, Erie, Penn.; Miss Husey and Miss Lizzie Walter, Sutton, Neb.; Mrs. Swift, Waterbury, Conn.; Mrs. Wheeler, Plymouth, Mich.; Miss Taylor, Chicago; Mrs. L. Hopkins, Saginaw, and Miss Gilston, Ann Arbor. Miss Mary McDowell, who is connected with the Hull house, situated in the Italian quarter in Chicago, will lecture Friday evening.

Leap Year Neighbors.

Tuesday evening at 8 o'clock Mr. Greenly took a large party of young people of Leap Year tendencies for a sleighride to Jennisonville, and a right merry time was enjoyed. With commendable foresight they took with them plenty of cysters, cranberries and oranges and persuaded the landlady to prepare an appetizing supper for them. They danced to the inspiring music of a whistling quartet, and returned home early in the morning. The ladies were Misses Nellie Cooper, Daisy Pearl, Aggie White, Louise Grenlock, Mamie Cronin, Julia Rosenthal, Emily Moll, Maggie Beiderford, Theresa Goble, Max Slatery, Max Daily and Messrs. Charlie Long, John Eddy, Will Cori, George Jacoby, Albert Rosenthal, Emmett O'Hara, P. Dowd, John Goble, Ben White, Rolo Owen and Dr. S. W. Whinnery.

Made Merry With Cards.

A merry party of young ladies were entertained Friday afternoon at progressive Pedro at the residence of Colonel and Mrs. E. S. Pierce, 58 Sheldon street. The company was given by Miss Pierce and Miss Haack, assisted by Miss Wilson of Iowa. Prizes were won by Miss Winnie White and Miss Marie Cox. As they sat down to the tables each guest was presented with a boutonniere of red and white carnations. Lunch was served during the game, and at its close the participants were blindfolded, then led up in fours to the arched doorway between the parlors, where a row of rosy apples was suspended. Being provided with a pair of scissors, numerous efforts were made by the blindfolded ladies to snip off the apples, which were retained as souvenirs.

A Very Large Company.

Mr. and Mrs. E. F. Sweet entertained one hundred and forty guests Friday evening at their home on East Fulton street. Supper was served in three rooms at 7 o'clock and was enjoyed with the music of the orchestra which was stationed in the hall. All the rooms were prettily decorated with massive ropes of Christmas green while dainty similar vines were draped about the mantels. A large red floral bell was suspended in the doorway between the parlor and hall. There was a profusion of cut flowers of every variety and the entire evening was spent socially—a decidedly new departure in these days of dancing and card playing.

A Delightful Evening.

Mrs. John Otto gave a delightful supper on Thursday evening to a few of her friends. The table decorations were beautiful and a most elaborate menu was served. The supper over music and conversation was indulged in till near midnight, when the gentlemen with their wives departed, all acknowledging a delightful evening spent with their friends, Mr. and Mrs. Otto. Those present were Mr. and Mrs. McMillin, Mr. and Mrs. McKay, Mr. and Mrs. Everhart, Mr. and Mrs. Haberkorn, Mrs. McDonald, and Miss Kane of Canada.

Will Entertain Their Friends.

Next Tuesday evening at Elks' hall, Bryant council, Royal Arcanum, will give their annual entertainment, and an enjoyable evening may be anticipated. Messrs. A. T. Stevens, J. S. Masnick and W. T. Wilson, the committee, have arranged the following line program:

1. Piano solo.....Miss Baker

2. Welcome address.....Regent C. E. Patterson

3. Selection.....Blakeman's lancers

4. Address.....Wm. M. Palmer

5. Recitation.....Heavenly Rhythms

6. Solo.....D. S. Gerbit

7. Address.....Miss Baker

8. Piano solo.....Miss Baker

9. Recitation.....Heavenly Rhythms

10. Organ solo.....P. S. Keweenaw

11. Solo.....Miss Dunlap

12. Selection.....Blakeman's orchestra

Paper Wedding.

The first marriage anniversary or paper wedding was celebrated by Mr. and Mrs. W. D. Ballou at their residence, No. 583 Ottawa street, last evening. Those in attendance were Misses Annie and Ella Turner, Charles E. Fink, Miss Minnie Messenger, Belle Snyder, Daisy and Alice Putnam, A. H. Merritt, M. L. Mason and Gards Turner. The presents were numerous, unique and pretty.

Lantern Club Party.

Mr. and Mrs. M. B. Church of East street entertained the Lantern club Wednesday evening. The parlors were brilliantly lighted with yellow lamps and an elaborate supper was served at 7 o'clock. First prizes were won by Mrs. Louis and Mr. S. H. Sweet. Other prizes were taken by Mrs. S. H. Sweet and Mr. Wesley T. Wilson. Mr. and Mrs. John D. Muir will entertain the club on Thursday evening, March 3.

Played Poker.

The Young People's society of Grace P. E. church held a very successful and enthusiastic poker party on Tuesday evening. All were delighted with the new game.

(Continued on Tenth Page.)

AFRAID OF COLOR

So Says Ellen Osborn of the Boston Ladies

NEW YORK WOMEN LOVE EFFECT

And They Are Not Ashamed of It Either. A Study Observation or Two on Spring Wraps and Tea Gowns.

I have been in Boston for a few days, and you can easily understand, therefore, that an unholly enthusiasm stirred within me for copper pink and Spanish yellow and the green of grass and the blue of the peacock and the red of the bird that flies whizzing about his cage at the park and sighs the children's fingers.

Boston is afraid of color. On a Boston street or in a Boston parlor there are many women who dress well, but all dress cautiously. It seems to be the lingering taint of Puritanism, a fear of yielding to the emotions, an indwell-

ing conviction that now abideth sobriety, elegance and propriety, and the greatest of these is propriety. Boston seems to rest always within the black silk tradition.

When you see a bit of color it is of some shade that belongs to last year. Boston has taken time to consider it, to reason with itself calmly and to come, as to the younger of its population, to a logical and self-satisfying conviction that it's not inimical to culture.

It's the same way with shapes and materials; Boston won't take them for granted, they have to argue with it to prove their claim to be adopted into its traditions, to tone themselves down and cast off their eccentricities and originalities and become like unto other fashions beloved of the Bostonians; to accustom themselves in short, take a Boston flavor and prepare to be toyed with by the east wind.

A Boston woman when she is in full sympathy squeals, not as often as she moves but semi-occasionally. There's something peculiar about her backbone or her stays.

She takes pains conscientiously with her clothes. But—

When I got back on Broadway and a girl looked up facing me with a bunch of red tulips on her bosom I could have opened my arms. Her dress was black, too, but not for blackness' sake; it did but give the tulips and the red ribbon on her muff and the red wing in her hat the more vivid opportunity. The New York woman loves effect and she isn't ashamed of it, and that is why the windows are filled with mauve and rose pink and the soft hues of the violet and lilac and the tender brown of bursting buds and the misty gray of the atmosphere; with jonquill yellow and iris purple and vandykes or brilliant kage red and cerise blue, all for her delectation.

One of the most novel of the spring novelties I have seen thus far is a frock of blue camel's hair close-set from the neck to the ground with lines of black gimp making perpendicular stripes dotted with shiny black cabochons. From the sketch of it you will see the wider bands of fanciful gimp at the foot of

the skirt, the black velvet bodice slashed and laced and finished with two long tails behind, the yoke of velvet to which the waist is shirred with a puffing of blue crepe all around, the puffed sleeve tops sewed to velvet gossamer and the fitted velvet capote with its blue rosette and silverette nodding. It has a demi train and with every sun ray it glitters and twinkles. It's blinding to look at and not one woman in ten thousand would have an aesthetic right to wear it, but—New York takes more joy in life and therein is it wiser than Boston.

Some of the prettiest spring woollens are sage green chevrons and tweeds, and soft nasturtium browns and wall flower red ruffled wools and strawberry and russet striped together and fawn tints mottled with green and gray. There is a new red one seen everywhere of a dye between plum color and crimson rose. Swallow blue comes out in the heavy

ladies' clothes, and if you have a sharp eye for the newer combinations you will write it in your memory that pale green is plaided or figured with light tan and with pine and moss green, and that pale yellow mixes in like amiable companionship with gray and with fawn.

I went out shopping yesterday with a girl who wanted to buy a spring visiting gown. She had a yellow jonquill in the breast of her new French swallow-tail coat, and that jonquill proved to be the controlling spirit of the whole expedition. It determined the girl in the first place to wear the coat, for it dropped from her hand as she was buttoning a fur cape, and fell upon the all very gray cloth with its means overcoat with fine silver silk gimp, producing such a smother of color as would have compelled any sane woman, not a Bostonian, to make the suggested change.

A tailor gown of the old-fashioned shape of some street shopper's fancy four minutes after we entered the store. It had a long straight French polonaise over a bell skirt—the dressmaker haven't recovered yet from that break of their scheme of shapes of some corded with silk, with a deep hem about the bottom of velvet of the same color unslipped and tucked out with rows of gray gimp dotted with little pendulous cut steel. It was a charming costume, but as she bent over it the yellow positivism of the jonquill seemed to take all heart and courage out the tender, delicate tones. My chaperon ceased to like it, though she didn't know what had happened to it, and she straightened herself and turned her back on it, with some remark to the effect that she thought it would fade.

A smooth cloth gown of light tan color or was the next she ventured to take into consideration. It was a handsome affair enough, with a pointed corselet front buttoned on the left, and with guipure collar all in one, this of sage green and tan striped cloth. It had simple sleeves of plain sage green stuff, with deep striped cuffs and a French skirt of tan cloth, into which the wearer was supposed to get by way of a slit on the left, hospitably trimmed with buttons. At the foot was a broad striped border. I could see that my shopper was looking at it with an eye that saw also the French long coat—tan-colored Harris tweed hanging in her wardrobe at home. It seemed to her, evidently, that coat and costume were born for each other, but when, in her enthusiasm, she drew one step nearer something dissolved the spell of the affinities; it was the jonquill. Its honest disk of sunshine stood out over the tan color and made a broad and effective

contrast, but one, alas, that suggested cheapness and not distinction.

I saw that innocent jonquill, which after all must have been anxious enough itself to get out of the hot stores and the sharp winds and be at home, put her out of conceit with a heliotrope princess dress trimmed with brettles and with a green and shaggy tweed, with a round belted waist and a narrow vest of green bengaline. Away from it they were perfection. In its neighborhood you sagely and unconsciously suspected them of credulity. I can't say to what footstepers we should not have been reduced in the end if I had not, after prayerful consideration, passed hesitatingly, as a forlorn hope, to see just how vigorously the jonquill would rebel against a striped gown in pale green and gray, the contrasting bars running directly about it horizontally. It was not a bad dress, but pretty only for a slender woman. I knew my shopper was too plump for it, but the jonquill uttered never a syllable of protest, and so in their weariness the slave of the jonquill ordered it home.

More interesting was the spring wrap she brought to go with it. They are figured together in the illustration. The black lace visits has a light back finished with streams of black velvet. It is loose in front and has a lace yoke and a velvet rosette with long ends. There was a hat, too, of black lace with butterfly bows, to make which in any way reasonable will call for a decided change in the reading of the thermometer.

There are wraps with loose backs among the exhibitions. I fancy they will stay among them, for it's hardly in woman's nature to spoil living figures by taking them off their dummy models.

The ladies' gossamer are very pretty, with their pale yellow carnations thrown on plain or their violet clusters on pale blue; but I want to give you a tea-gown picture and the bodice and waist for another seven days. It's a corn-colored crepe de chine with a gossamer front and a wide ribbon belt cut behind. The front of the bodice is draped with lace, black or white, as you choose, and the back is shirred at the waist and then in a round train with wide crepe bands; it forms loose draped sleeves which fasten on the inner side of the arm. It's a graceful garment and a sumptuous one, but who could imagine it on a Bostonian?

ELLEN OSBORN.

ELLY PRUSS.

The Valley City Mill Company has no peer in the manufacture of flour. Try the LILLY WHITE.

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